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THE NEW UNITY

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For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME 41. CHICAGO, JUNE 16, 1898. NUMBER 16.

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CHOICE

Which does the bird love best,
Blue sky or swinging nest?
Ah, foolish test!

The love that swells in the
mother breast
Brings back from its strong-
winged quest
A piece of the blue, and its
wideness too,
To the life in the tree, so
blest.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.
Chicago.

1891 **Tower Hill** 1898

Summer Homes and Summer School

TOWER HILL is a resort without "resorters." It is a place where there is nothing to be seen but scenery—restful and varied. Nobody to entertain you unless you can entertain yourself. Nothing to hear sweeter than the song of the whip-poor-will. Nothing to eat but plain food. Country milk and vegetables from the company's garden. Nothing to drink but the purest water, drawn from the Potsdam sandstone, distributed through an efficient system of waterworks, chilled when desired by pure ice from the company's ice-house. Nothing to wear but plain dresses, to be changed only when dirty, unless you want to be out of the fashion.

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Lies in its inconveniences. It is three miles from a stick of gum or a cigar—the nearest railroad station. It is two hundred miles from Chicago; affords an absolute change of soil and scenery. Open from the first of July to the thirteenth of September. It is situated on the Wisconsin river in the bluff country, on the historic site of the now lost village of Helena, where the Wisconsin shot tower was established in 1832.

Spring Green, the nearest railway station, express office and post-office, is situated on the Prairie du Chien Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison.

The property is owned and controlled by the Tower Hill Pleasure Company. The improvements consist of barns, ice-house, dining-room, pavilion for public meetings (furnished with piano and organ), long houses, private cottages, etc.

The Tower Hill Summer School

Ninth Season

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, CONDUCTOR

This is held at this place for two weeks each year in August. The programme for 1898 will offer a course of five lectures on Sociological Fiction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, viz.: Aurora Leigh, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Felix Holt, George Eliot; Marcella and Sir George Tressady, Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy, and "Altruria," by W. D. Howells.

Studies in English Poetry every forenoon under the leadership of Mr. Jones (list to be announced later). Course of Lectures on Forestry in the afternoons. Elective studies in Geology, Ornithology, etc. There will be a Farmer's Day, Young People's Sunday and Annual Grove Meeting.

The management undertakes to create an atmosphere that is free, non-sectarian, earnest but restful, seeking that intellectual life that recreates and fits for work.

> "I am not only surprised but gratified to find the depth and largeness of the work of this school. There is so much going on that you cannot know of everything, and you only know of things by seeing them. Hundreds of others have heard of this school up here, but one has to come to see it to know what it means. It is now well started, well laid out, well planned, and years of growth are before it."
>
> REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, D.D., in his closing address before the School of '97.

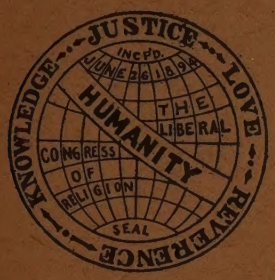
The New Unity Tower Hill Fresh Air Fund

For the third time the Tower Hill Company offers to give two weeks outing, including fare from Chicago and board at Tower Hill, and other necessary expenses to any city bound, invalid or over-worked women or children, when properly accompanied, for twelve dollars each. Contributions for the same should be made to the editor of the NEW UNITY, and will be duly credited in the columns of the same.

For further particulars concerning summer board and rent of rooms, apply to MRS. M. H. LACKERSTEEN, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago; for shares in the Company, including privileges of building sites, address MRS. A. L. KELLY, Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Chicago; concerning the Summer School or general interests, address the President of the Company and Conductor of the School, JENKIN LLOYD JONES, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLI. THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1898. NUMBER 16



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

God sows June fields clover, and the world
Broadcasts with common kindnesses,
With plain, good souls that cheerfully fulfill
Their homely duties in the common field
of daily life, ambitious of no more
Than to supply the needs of friend or kin,
Yet serve God's higher will to human hearts.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

That is a goodly suggestion of the *Outlook* to purchase a steam launch for the use of the Red Cross. Twenty-five hundred dollars will put this necessary tool into the hand of the president, Miss Clara Barton. The *Outlook* starts the subscription at one hundred dollars. Surely the remaining ought to come quickly. Can THE NEW UNITY help in this direction? How glad we would be to pass along the subscriptions.

The Illinois Institution for the Blind graduated five pupils at Jacksonville on the 7th inst., one member of the senior closs having died during the year. Knowing the high work done at this institution, we send our greetings to the young men and women who thus heroically faced a darkened world with an illuminated mind, and on the part of the State of Illinois we welcome them into the work of the world. Superintendent Hall, in sending them out, reminded them that "they are members of the divine family in which each shall work for the good of all," and he told them that "they can secure the greatest good for themselves only by forgetting themselves in the service of their fellows." How the calamities of life are ameliorated by the thought and love of man.

The friends of the Liberal Congress will note in our news column the first acknowledgments of receipts for the fifth year of the Congress. The officers of the Congress desire through the columns of THE NEW UNITY to tender their thanks for the prompt response of the persons there noted, and hope that the good example will be contagious. The body of personal supporters of the Congress as seen from the annual exhibit recently printed is a representative one, stanch friends widely distributed throughout our vast country. Let those on this list keep the faith and keep increasing, and at last those religious societies that are committed to religious progress and fellowship will fall into the ranks, and though many of them will not be able to send their delegates across the great distances, their ten-dollar membership fee will be a pledge of their good will, and it will enroll their names among those who are hoping for the wider fellowship.

Only the close readers of this paper for several years back will carry the name of Erastus B. Cake in mind, but to the few at the center the name suggests the story of a brave minister who followed his convictions out of popularity and leadership into obscurity and professional silence. He was a man with deep yearnings and intense interest in the movement indicated by the Liberal Congress. He wanted to work with it and always meant to work although he could not work except where his mind could be free and his heart open. He was waiting his opportunity at Decatur where once he was the popular pastor of an orthodox church, then a diligent and patient worker on lay lines. But the end has come and the local papers speak in tender and high terms of him. Says the Decatur *Bulletin-Sentinel:*

> While we are not prepared to say that he did not dream of the great things to do by and by, we are certain that he was content, while waiting, to do the little things day by day that tended to lighten the burdens of his loved ones.

He came to Indianapolis and there he took our hand and pledged his word. Alas! it was not given him, as indeed it is given none of us, to embody our intentions, but the work will be realized. Though dead he worketh with us.

The following note in the editorial columns of the *Universalist Leader* will doubtless apply to many churches and denominations outside its own fellowship:

> Although our denominational press has been merged in one paper, the paradox is true that there never were so many Universalist papers as now. The epidemic of parish papers is now at its height, and most of the state conventions support

an organ. It is probable that the effect of these local publications on the circulation of the regular denominational journals has not been favorable. The denominational press of all the churches, and we may say the whole religious press of the Christian world, has felt the competition of the magazines, of the Sunday newspapers, of the Saturday editions of the great dailies, all of which have entered the domain of the religious papers more or less in recent years. Add to this the more sharp and direct competition of the parish and convention papers, and it may be understood why the religious press is often in close quarters.

We wish we were as sure as our contemporary is of the truth of the following compensating clause:

An incidental benefit of this latter form of journalistic activity is the training of a number of pastors in the most potent literary art of our period.

We are not sure that an attempt to cater to the passion for gossip in the interest of church and church life, the itching to put personalities and plans into print, is much preparation in the editorial art. Do not these activities threaten the interest in current thought and the forces that make for ideas and work for principles?

We believe that the coming man, and he is to be a better man than the present one, is to be a churchman; that the rationalist is ultimately to be a worshiper. For prayer is climbing. Prayer is climbing. It is an effort of mind, a flight of thought and feeling. By means of memory, association, social influence, the sympathetic presence of kindred spirits, of song, of psalm, meditation and perchance, sincerely constructed phrases the soul reaches the heights whereon lies repose. Old Plutarch was profoundly wise and probably true to fact when he said: "A city may exist without fortifications and without armies, but a city without altars never has and never can exist." The coming man will see that he can better dispense with the contemplated investments of the wardrobe and the larder than he can afford to dispense with the ministrations, poor as they may be, of the church and its accessories. For after making all allowances for its imperfections and its crudities the church, all churches represent man's organic quest for high things, man's co-operative reach for serenity. It is a social climb upwards along the face of the Delectable mountain on the top of which alone is builded the City of Light. Men's lives are low enough at best, and they fall to the lowest levels when these higher reaches are ignored. We might as well expect the musician to render a great organ symphony with the upper keys silent, the higher gamut muffled, as to expect divine music in the life where the instrumentalities of worship are ignored, and the keys of aspiration are muffled.

The following resolution was passed at the recent session of the Western Unitarian Conference on May 18th:

WHEREAS, since the last annual session of this conference, there has been held a meeting of the Liberal Congress at Nashville, Tenn., to which an invitation was extended to the conference, to be present representatively,

Resolved, That we now, as a conference, appoint our secretary to bear to the Liberal Congress, at its coming meeting at Omaha, our cordial greeting and the expression of our appreciation of the good to be derived from these gatherings representing different religious fellowships and individual beliefs, while respecting the integrity of the organizations thus represented."

This is the action which we wish many organizations, local and national conferences, associations, and conventions in connection with the Unitarian, Universalist, Jewish and similar organizations, would take. Let the so-called liberal bodies thus demonstrate their liberality and we will then have a right to hope that the creedal fellowships will in due time send their representatives. If the liberal ministers and societies who are holding back lest the Congress may do something or not do something in the line of the life of the denominations, would step forward as the Western Conference did and become moulding influences, demonstrating the fellowship they profess to believe in, the synthesis of religion would proceed more rapidly. We trust that the Western Unitarian Conference will not forget that the condition of representation upon the floors of the Congress while not in any way doctrinal, is financial, and that the directory will recognize that the "ten dollars a year or more" is the legitimate basis with the Congress as with itself for working efficiency. It is safe to assume that they meant to make their delegate a working one with the right to speak, to act and to vote with and for its interests. If the twenty-five or thirty Unitarian organizations from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic will follow the lead of the Western Unitarian Conference and a hundred or two of the local churches should emphasize the faith they profess in this direction, we think we would find that our Universalist and Jewish brethren were not behind, and that they too will be with us. Let the line of march be lengthened.

Editorial Wanderings.

The Self-Culture Club of Russian Jews on the West Side of Chicago, Cincinnati, Grand Rapids, Cornell University, the Unitarian Church of Ithaca, Springfield, Winnetka, Riverside, Ill., the University Girls' School in Chicago, Rochester, Ind., the Woman's Club in the Helen Heath Settlement, the Woman's Club at Evansville, Wis., the Meadville Theological School, represent the towns and clubs visited and addressed by the editor since the first of May, all of which suggested editorial material. We wish to speak not of the personal elements in these wanderings, but of the general lessons and the public interests that are indicated and typified by these widely scattered activities. His weavings represent

but one fly of the shuttle that carries a thousand threads across the loom of life, and is to-day weaving a fabric with patterns very different from those that are supposed to be reflected in the popular enthusiasm and the surface display of interests. Notwithstanding the excitements of war, aside from the silent tug of the human heart towards the unfortunate, and the growing passion of the soul for liberty, which enter into the war excitement, communities are still concerned with the sober questions of culture and of thought. In proof of this a few notes of travel may gain in vividness what they may lose in breadth, special illustrations of a general principle. Of the earlier visits of May, we have already spoken. At Winnetka and Riverside the story of Millet was told in the first place, and of Michael Angelo in the second, under the auspices of the local art clubs organized for the purpose of placing in the public schools of the town, pictures worthy the place and profitable to the eye of the children. It is the purpose of these clubs, of which there are many being organized in these days, to see to it that only pictures of real artistic merit and educative value are offered to the eye of the child. Their first object is to save the children from the deadening and paralyzing effect of poor art; the second, a better one, to submit them to the positive culture of inspiring art. Before the Girls' University School of Chicago, under the management of the Misses Haire and their associates.

Here the bright eyes of half a hundred or more girls, ranging from the primary grades to young misses about to enter the university, listened to the discussion of "The Cost of an Idea." This school is one of a class which interprets our times more worthily than the "yellow journalism" that distracts us. The teachers are young ladies who have received the best culture that Eastern colleges can give and without a touch of the effeminacy and sentimentalism that went with the old time young ladies' seminary, they are leading the girls along the straight lines over which boys travel into the heart of literature and science. Manual training and all the modern accessories are used to emphasize the sober culture and the strong development of sense. This school is a citadel in which simplicity and common sense take their stand against the excitements, extravagances, the superficialities of fashion and convention. It is a sane point, reducing the insanity that ever threatens the favored in great cities as elsewhere.

At Rochester, Ind., the public schools closed on the first of June, the full quota of forty weeks having been reached by a reduction of the midwinter and Easter vacations, it being the theory of Superintendent Scull that these midterm interruptions are wasteful; intellectually and physically children are better off by being kept at it. From a long and successful experience as superintendent he is an advocate of the continuous year in the public schools and thinks that for cities, at least, the only solution is twelve months of school in the year, the school being always open except on stated holidays, which he would make numerous. Of course there will be relays of teaching. Of course there will be systematic breaks in the children's attendance, but there will be no cessation in the opportunities offered by the public. This, he believes, would reduce greatly the demoralizing effect upon city children of the midsummer vagrancy, the listless idleness, as dangerous to the favored as to the shut in. It would seem that the great success of this plan in the Chicago University, the large classes that come to its summer session and the present imperative call for vacation schools and the ever multiplying summer schools, would justify this claim.

If any one doubts that kindliness is contagious and that it is worth while merely to live in a wholesome way among the unfavored, let them visit a meeting of the Woman's Club at the Helen Heath Settlement or any other of the settlements in the city of Chicago and there find abundant evidence that the poor and the unlettered, the washerwoman and the foreign-born are as amenable to social enjoyments and intellectual contact as are their prouder and more favored sisters. "Oh, this Wednesday afternoon is a blessed afternoon for us. I come here once a fortnight and leave all my cares behind, and I go back stronger to take them up, and I am able to carry them for another fortnight," was the testimony of one who has a heavy load to carry, to the speaker, who dropped in just to "tell them a story."

Evansville, Wis., is old camping-ground for the editor. In response to a call from one of the farm girls of his earlier ministry he went to help the women's study class touch consciously the life of the town. They had been studying Emerson all winter, the cultured young Methodist minister of the place being their leader, so Emerson must be the subject of the lecture; and that night this little band of twenty or thirty women brought together (literally, we believe) all the editors, and the ministers and their wives, all the teachers of public and private schools, the senior classes of the high school and the academy, with other invited guests, into the hall to listen to the lecture on Emerson. No matter what may be said of the lecture, the occasion was a magnificent object lesson in fraternity, a case in point to prove that when we go high enough or deep enough into the life of man you strike the harmonies; analysis and distinctions on the surface, synthesis and unities below and above. The life of Evansville will be more homogeneous and sympathetic, the public spirit will be more public for what the women's study class did for that town.

And now we come to Meadville, the last of our

visits, the beloved alma mater, who, through its quiet and its obscurity, has been loyal to its trust for fifty-four years. We know not whether there is a parallel case of an institution of learning, particularly a theological school, that has been enabled to bring itself down to date, working under a new charter and with a new code of by-laws embodying the latest judgment, incorporating the accumulated experience and made to fit the case to-day. And this change of charter has been accomplished without controversy and without fuss. Last year the change was sanctioned by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and June 8th, after a long day's work, the by-laws of the same were adjusted and adopted. The purpose of the school now, as stated in the charter, is the high one of "giving instruction in religion, ethics and theology, and preparation for the Christian ministry." If there be a more broad or open school than this anywhere in the world, we will be glad to record the fact. Under the new régime, the duties of the old board of instruction are merged into the duties of the trustees, one of its standing committees being a committee of instruction, whose duty it is to visit the school and to make such recommendations in the way of revision of studies and nomination to the faculty as may be necessary. This committee of instruction elected for the current year consists of T. R. Slicer of New York, F. L. Hosmer of St. Louis, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. This year the graduating class consisted of four members; the whole attendance reached but eighteen. Due recognition was made of the irreparable loss in the death of George R. Freeman, and the present professors were re-elected as members of the faculty under the new regulations. It is worthy of note that the treasurer, Edgar Huidekoper, has served the institution continuously for nineteen years, outreaching the splendid record of his father, who served fifteen years, and of his uncle, who served seventeen years. During his administration, the property of the school, by judicious management and generous additions, has increased from about two hundred thousand to about four hundred and seventy-five thousand. Meadville is not yet what it ought to be. In many respects its teaching force is inadequate, its methods, perhaps, crude, but those on the ground cannot escape the conviction that it is in the way of still better things. An unusual number of the non-resident trustees were present to show their interest and help shape its destiny. Revs. R. R. Shippen and W. L. Chaffin came from Massachusetts, T. R. Slicer from New York, F. L. Hosmer and John Snyder from St. Louis, C. E. St. John from Pittsburg, Marion Murdock from Cleveland, and Mr. Jones from Chicago. THE NEW UNITY bids godspeed to the new missionaries of a free faith, and extends its congratulation to this humble though veritable school of the prophets. Thus, not in one but in many ways, is the kingdom of culture and the religion of common sense, and of character being advanced in the world.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

We have seen nothing in either the European press or the American more historically true or philosophically correct than a discussion of races by *The Republican* of Denver. It says the coming conflict of civilization is to be between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav. The Latin civilization of Europe, which has been dominant until recently is now so decadent that we must look for its farther decline and ultimate passing out. "It would seem that either of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race may prove incapable by itself of resisting Slavonic encroachment. If this proves true co-operation may come as a necessity for the sake of that protection which races as well as individuals recognize as the first of nature's laws." Napoleon prophesied that Russia would overrun all Europe, and establish Slavic ideas and power. It certainly looks as though Anglo-Saxon unity must become an instinct of the race both in England and in America. The present breakup in Spain is almost sure to involve Latin stability throughout Europe. Much more is involved in this war over the little island of Cuba than the mere expulsion of Spain from the Western continent.

We are so far removed from Russia that we are unable to fully comprehend her political and social movements; but occasionally we feel that her statesmen are the ablest produced in any part of Europe. Certainly the mission which she has accepted of unifying a dozen races is quite similar to our own. She has just opened an academy of languages at Vladivostok. The object is to educate consuls and other business men capable of carrying on affairs in the principal languages now incorporated in Russian territory, and territories adjacent—the Chinese, Mongolian, Japanese and Corean. The result intended to be reached is the identification of all these races in a common interest, dominated by Russian principles.

The pathos which the queen of Spain refers to the little king and his rights as owner of Spain and Cuba has probably touched the hearts of a great many in this country as well as in Europe. But it must be remembered that the little Alphonso is not a Spanish product, and that Spain is not able to sustain a dynasty purely Spanish. The great war between France and Germany, which so humiliated the former, was due to a demand made on Germany not to undertake the placing of a Hohenzollern on the Spanish throne. We have also to remember that there are three or four more of these claimants for the Spanish throne and the ownership of Cuba. We have no interest in any of them except that they should prove to be good citizens and noble characters. We have no reason to suppose Queen Christina and her boy to be eminently qualified to govern the countries which they claim by divine right.

We have heard considerably lately of the honor of Spain and the anxiety of the Spanish people to sustain it untarnished. The one thing that Spain needs just now to get rid of is, above all, its honor. It has lost half of Europe, three-quarters of America, besides other fractions of the globe, in its struggle

for what it terms "honor." This is but another term for Spanish pride, and Spanish pride is the peculiar pride which will not bow to the inevitable. It stands for the past as against the present, the yesterdays against the to-days. It resolves to learn nothing new, and to perpetuate medievalism to the last end of the nineteenth century. This is to undertake the impossible. We only regret that it has fallen to the lot of the United States to compel Spain to learn the alphabet of political common sense.

During the discussion in Congress as to why the government is compelled to pay five or six times as much for carrying its mail matter as other parties do, a senator replied, "The fact is that the great power of these corporations to make and unmake public men is so omnipotent that no executive officer, with one exception, has been found in the last twelve years who has attempted to reduce the cost of mail transportation; and within six months after he left the department, every economy which he had introduced was wiped away, and the corporations received not only as much as before, but their compensation was increased." The *Outlook* is making a grand effort to bring to the light the whole of this outrageous fraud. The government must be purged; and the imperious autocracy of corporations reduced.

Those who have read the sickening details of Spanish atrocities in Cuba, as described in Senator Proctor's speech, should supplement their reading with the *Literary Digest*, or the *Christian Herald*. In these they will get photographs, showing the exact conditions of these wretched beings, who are the victims of Spanish honor. Four hundred thousand people have been driven from the country into the fortified towns, and left there, without food, to live or die as they might. Andersonville prison yard was nothing compared with these pest-enclosures, where every victim is shot down if he undertakes to escape from starvation. The only trouble is lest we shall become accustomed to reading these horrible details, until we get familiar with them. God and nature say strike; and strike quick.

What sort of a boy do we wish the twentieth century to develop? Shall he be one filled with the loftiest sentiments of the past; or do we desire to have altruism and heroism worked out of his nature, and their place taken by selfish indulgence? At present our colleges and universities have the question bluntly pressed upon them. Do you propose to simply give us intellectual athletes; or men of moral might and sterling character? Do you mean to give us merely students; or men? Do you mean to give us those upon whom the country can rely in its efforts for right and righteousness; or simply those who can construe Greek and solve mathematical problems? This question must be answered, and answered promptly, or the fathers and mothers of America will say to what end is education; and why do our colleges exist at all?

As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its color and scent, so let the sage dwell on earth.—*Buddha.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

God's Prophecy.

Last eve, at sunset when the twilight came,
  I saw a mighty belt of light
Stretch far athwart a sky devoid of flame;
  And deeply piled with clouds of night.

No tongue ought venture to a theme so great;
  And yet, I said, "God prophesies."
Across the background of man's wars and hate,
  Dim with the wrongs of centuries;
With shaft of light, Omniscience points the way
  Through still unfathomed mists of life;
To where shall dawn for man, unclouded day,
  Born of a love that knows not strife.

Minneapolis, Minn. EDSON B. RUSSELL.

Anthropological Notes.

Ethnographic Survey of the United Kingdom: A committee appointed by the British Association for the Advancement of Science has been at work for several years past collecting data regarding physical type, ethnography, folk-lore, and archæology of the United Kingdom. Much has been accomplished directly and indirectly. The committee includes eminent scientists and annually presents a report of progress, the appendices to which are often important papers containing results of the work. Early in their labor a list of villages or districts especially deserving ethnographic study was drawn up and steps were taken to have their places systematically investigated. There are many ethnic elements in the population of Great Britain: to determine the character and distribution of these elements is important. Assistance in such determination comes from various sources. Physical measurement has been undertaken in Galloway, Ayrshire, Aberdeenshire, etc. Work in archæology—so likely to be desultory and aimless—has been given a genuine impulse: the systematic work reported by Mr. Laws in Pembrokeshire is in some respects a model and will no doubt serve as such to workers in other regions. When such work has been carried out in every part of Britain, an archæological map will result, which will locate every ancient object of interest. Folk-lore is being diligently gathered. Mr. G. Lawrence Gomme adds an appendix to the last annual report of the Committee (the fourth) a capital paper *On the Method of Determining the Value of Folk-lore as Ethnological Data.* Folk-lore material, often untractable and valueless, can really yield scientific results of importance. To illustrate his method Mr. Gomme examines the "fire-customs" of Britain. He concludes that these are Aryan in origin and believes that the area within which they are found is one of Aryan occupation or influence. He finds for these customs what he calls an "ethnological test-figure." He says: "I first of all mark on a map of Britain the places where fire-customs obtain. I then join these places together by a straight line, and withdrawing from this result all reference to the map which formed the basis of it, a geometrical figure of a certain shape in outline and a certain shape in internal detail is obtained." The inference is, customs of different ethnic origins will yield differing ethnological test-figures. Mr.

Gomme has not actually mapped out the area of the curious customs, which appear to be a survival of an ancient water-cult, but he believes it to be very different from that of the fire-customs, yielding a notably different test-figure. It is concluded that the water-customs are non-Aryan. It is evident that important results of this survey may be expected, considering the fact that it thus lays under contribution so many sources of information and stimulating and unifying the work of local societies and separated students.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology: At its meeting on the last Sunday in May, this organization took a review of the work of the past season. Set papers were read by a number of members and the usual free-for-all discussion followed. The society is unique. The word *anthropology* in the society's name is not narrowly used. Questions in any line of Ethics, Sociology, Politics or Religion have equal claim to attention: The Origin of Man, the Juvenile Offender, Initiative and Referendum, Education, Phrenology, Single Tax, Hypnotism, are all acceptable. The attendance is diversified: every grade of orthodoxy and liberality, belief and unbelief, instructedness and ignorance, logic and fallacy, is represented. At the meetings there is first a paper upon an announced topic: after a brief recess there follows a discussion of the paper, chiefly notable for ts vigor and variety. It makes little difference whether the speaker of the day is a specialist in the field of his subject or a mere talker to kill time—he finds himself in tatters at the close of this discussion. The assault upon him is from all sides, with every sort of weapon, and with various degrees of fury. The victim is allowed a chance to pull himself together in a reply but, if a stranger to the place, is usually too dazed to accomplish much. At the May meeting already mentioned, one of the lady members, after admitting that the meetings are agglomerations of many queer types, claimed that all have good hearts. This appears to be true and even the most virulent critic plainly has none but the kindliest feelings toward the speaker, whose fabric he has so ruthlessly—and to his own mind satisfactorily—demolished. In this happy state of affairs, we can only wish the society continued prosperity, even though we prefer that its name should more adequately express its aim and work.

Ethnographic work in Holland: Just now, when a growing interest exists in all civilized lands in scientific study of remote regions and lower peoples, is a good time to emphasize the work in ethnography in the little kingdom of Holland. Throughout Europe such work is in favor, but nowhere is there keener interest or more intelligent and vigorous movement than in the Netherlands. In America we are only beginning to develop ethnographic museums. There are great public collections at Washington, Cambridge and New York, and fine beginnings at Philadelphia, Chicago, and Salem. Smaller series, chiefly archæological, are located at Davenport, St. Louis, Buffalo, and other places. This, in our great area, is not much: in "Brave Little Holland" there is a grand ethnographic collection at Leiden, and important series at Rotterdam, Haarlem, The Hague, Amsterdam, and Zwolle. At the head, of course, is the *Royal Ethnographic Museum* at Leiden. This noted little city is a center of literary and scientific activity. Its university is world famous; upon its face at present are eminent men—the Sanskrit scholar Kern, the Linologue Schlegel, and the great authority on Comparative Religion—Thiele: in Ethnography, de Groot holds the chair made honorable by Wilken. Outside of the university is the famous *Museum of Antiquities*, especially rich in Egyptian and Javan objects. The Ethnographic Museum is under the direction of Dr. J. D. E. Schmeltz. It is housed in three buildings. In the first is the unrivaled collection from the East Indies and the South Seas: in the second the African and American series: in the third the objects from Japan and the countries of continental Asia. It is a pity that one fine building of suitable character is not provided for this important museum. The possession by Holland of some of the more important islands of the East Indies naturally leads to especial richness of display from that field: Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Flores, are finely represented. There are also queer collections from Polynesia, Melanesia, and Dutch New Guiana. Few, if any collections elsewhere contain so many fine *old* things, made before the native arts and industries had been affected by contact with white peoples. The famous Siebold collection from Japan, varied and important, is here. The museum is constantly getting new and important additions to its collections. Small pamphlets are printed describing these accessions as they come: these are real contributions to literature, and some—such as those describing Feukate's collection from Samoa, Rotti, and Flores, and Man's collections from the Audaman and Nicobar Island—are really valuable. Leiden is a great European publishing center, and from its presses important works emanate. Some of these, like De Clercq and Schmeltz; *Dutch New Guinea*, finely printed and handsomely illustrated, are standard. At least two journals of ethnographic interest are printed at Leiden: one, *Toung Pao*, dealing with Chinese matters is under the joint editorship of Dr. Schlegel (Leiden) and Cordier (Paris), the other, *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie*, is edited by Dr. Schmeltz.

At Rotterdam, in the *Ethnographic and Maritime Museum*, are considerable collections illustrating the life of the East Indies. Among other things here are numbers of models of houses, villages, groups of persons, etc. A good series of boats and canoes, in original specimens and models, warrant the latter part of this museum's name. At Haarlem is the *Colonial Museum*. Not specifically ethnographic, it contains some specimens of implements, weapons, house models and modeled groups. Indirectly it is of the greatest ethnographic interest as it presents an enormous collection of the products of the Indies, of those materials which nature supplies to the natives for their industries. There are two thousand specimens of native woods, fruits of java in good models, fibers of all kinds in every stage of preparation, food materials—both animal and plant—and many other objects, excellently arranged and well catalogued. At Amsterdam, in the midst of one of the finest zoological gardens in the world, is an *Ethnographic Museum* well worth seeing. It contains a good Central African series, a better West African, large numbers of weapons and fabrics from Java, idols representing ancient Hinduism from Bali, and many other important objects. The *Royal Museum* in the same city, although primarily

an art museum, contains an ecclesiastical department of interest to the anthropologist. Zwolle is a small city lying east of the Zuyder Zee. It possesses a local museum of antiquities and ethnographic objects, which would do credit to a much larger town. This museum has been carefully studied and excellently catalogued by Dr. Schmeltz. This brief sketch shows that Holland is awake and interested in the most recent lines of research.

FREDERICK STARR.

Outgrowing Dogma.

At the sixty-fifth annual meeting of the Association of Congregational Ministers of New York State, which has just closed, the pastor of the Congregational Church of Norwich, N. Y., in his address of welcome used these significant words: "In science we sometimes hear it said that unprovable doctrine is at least sufficient as a working hypothesis. Now, it is our conception that Christian doctrine is not so valuable in itself as in what it leads to; or, in other words, that dogma is a kind of hypothesis whose worth is determined largely, if not solely, by the practical good it achieves in human life." Here is apparently a confession that the creed which it is so strenuously insisted that members must pledge themselves to believe is not susceptible of proof, that it may or may not be true, and that the good work done by the church is the only justification for it. This position is closely allied to that of Matthew Arnold, who repudiated the dogmas of the Church of England, and was a stalwart defender of its compulsory support because of the power for good of so great an organization. Is such a position tenable? Must not the loss be greater than the gain? Can any possible good be accomplished sufficient to counteract the demoralization of conscience and development of intellectual dishonesty which must result from pledging men to believe what they confess they do not?

Now, if these dogmas are only hypothetical assumptions for working purposes, the first thought which naturally arises is, why cannot one be left at liberty to believe or disbelieve them? Why should acceptance of them continue to be made the test of fitness for membership?

In science a hypothesis has value only so long as it is indispensable. It is assumed to account for certain conditions and effects. It becomes worthless when shown to be impossible, improbable, or unnecessary. Why not eliminate from the creed of the church dogmas which its greatest lights proclaim but speculative and only incidentally useful, and then affiliate on the broad platform of unity in good works and freedom in belief?

Nevertheless, the declaration that dogmatic belief in itself is non-essential to salvation, indicates a marked growth in orthodox liberalism. The radical change which has been wrought in this respect may be best appreciated by contrasting the sentiment of the above quoted lines with a few sentences taken from the works of Martin Luther bearing upon the same question:

"Thou see'st how rich is the Christian; even if he will, he cannot destroy his salvation by any sin how grievous soever, unless he refuse to believe. . . . . Be thou a sinner, and sin boldly, but still more boldly believe and rejoice in Christ. From Him sin shall not separate us; no, though a thousand thousand times in every day we should commit fornication or murder."

L. D. BURDICK.

Oxford, N. Y., May 27, 1898.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

"Nearer My God to Thee."

Hymns have experiences as well as people. Sometimes they are forced into short and narrow spaces to exclude obnoxious doctrines, and at other times they are put to the rack that their proportions may be lengthened out to fill the requirements of a dogmatic theology. From the time that hymn singing first became a part of religious worship, especially congregational religious worship, there has been a conscienceless changing of hymns to suit the peculiar doctrines of this or that sect. Some editors bluntly state that "some of the hymns have undergone great and essential changes" while the editors of "Unity Hymns and Chorals" show no more conscience than to say: "If freedom to change hymns in this way be questioned, we can but beg, 'Allow it, friendly author, for the widened service which your heart's song thereby secures. Rejoice that you have sung a song in which, *with* alteration, you can help other hearts to rise towards God.'" Would the authors recognize their own in the altered form? Charles Wesley wrote:

"Prince of Peace! be present near us;
Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
With Thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let Thy sacred kingdom come:
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above."

Would he recognize the following as his?

"O thou God of Peace! be near us,
Fix within our hearts Thy home;
With Thy bright appearing cheer us,
In Thy blessed freedom come;
Come, with all Thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought!
Come, with Thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought!"

And yet this appears above the name of Charles Wesley. Is this what the editors call securing a "widened service" for the "heart's song" of Wesley? The editor of the "Plymouth Hymnal" tries to get over the evil in this way: "When a hymn has been altered, it has been to adopt a form tested and hallowed by Christian usage." No excuse can, I think, relieve the wrong of this custom. To preach honesty between man and man, to insist that we do not misrepresent our neighbors who are living is touched with a sad humor when in our hymn books we are dishonest and unjust to the dead. Wesley scolded severely because editors persisted in changing his hymns, yet he himself scrupled not to turn Watt's productions to suit his doctrine of sanctification. And orthodox editors, as a general thing, have handled Unitarian hymns pretty roughly.

There is scarcely an orthodox hymn book of any standing that does not contain half a dozen of our hymns. And they would probably be, "Nearer My God to Thee," "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," "God is Love," "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," and two or three from Mrs. Barbauld. The three by Bowring are probably never altered, and yet the one beginning "God is Love" is as wide of the orthodox mark as any you can find. Nor do the others breathe the spirit which our orthodox

friends call holiness. Mrs. Barbauld's hymns have witnessed many changes but not for the better. To take one case, that of the stanza beginning:

"Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn."

appears in as late a book as "The Plymouth Hymnal" as

"Ten thousand *thousand voices* join."

The thought is different and the change is a decided weakness. But none of the changes can compare with the mutilations by addition and substitution that "Nearer My God to Thee" has suffered.

There is no doubt that people are pleased to repeat the expressions of the sweeter and nobler faith of Unitarianism if it come clothed in the vestments of the orthodox church. And all addresses to the deity, no matter how thoroughly they recognize the oneness and supremacy of God the Father, are unhesitatingly accepted if they are not signed with names odious from Unitarian heresy. Take that noble hymn by Joseph Addison, beginning:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame
Their great Original proclaim."

A fuller and clearer recognition of the Father as Creator and God alone is hard to find, and yet you can follow it through the many hymnals without ever finding a complaint that it does not recognize a tribune God. Certainly Mrs. Adams' hymn is not *less* mindful of the Trinitarian formula than Addison's. But the very fact that Mrs. Adams was a Unitarian condemns the hymn. While many editors have left it out altogether, and doubtless as many more would like to have done so but for the hold it has in the hearts of their people, they have inserted it only after remedying, as they think, its defect of not recognizing the deityship of Jesus. How far such changes are just or improvements I will leave my readers to judge.

"Nearer My God to Thee" appeared for the first time in "Hymns and Anthems," London, 1841, edited by the Rev. W. J. Fox, of whose congregation Mrs. Adams was a member. To this hymn-book Mrs. Adams contributed twelve other pieces, several of which are in common use. The text now most commonly followed is perhaps the original:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wings
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Before noting the important changes I will call attention to the minor ones.

In the "Hymnal of the Presbyterian Church," copyrighted, 1867, stanza 2, line 1 reads, "Though *a lone* wanderer"; and line 4, "*Pillowed on* stone." Stanza 3, line 2, "Steps *up* to heaven." "Wesleyan Methodist Hymn-Book," London, 1876, stanza 3, line 1, "Though like *the* wanderer." Another change is, stanza 1, lines 2, 3:

"*Though by Thy bitter* cross
We raiséd be."

Dr. Monsell, in his "Parish Hymnal," 1873, prints lines 1 to 4, stanza 5, thus:

"*And when* on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Unto the light of lights
Upward I fly."

All these changes appear scarce worth the notice, and yet there is not one but indicates the desire on the part of the editors to emphasize what they think should be the leading thought in the lines changed. Take the first change noted, "Though *a lone* wanderer." The change there made is evidently for the purpose of calling attention to the *condition* of the wanderer instead of to the likeness of a person seeking God to a wanderer, as is the purpose of the original. And there can be no doubt that in the last one given, the changing of "Or if on joyful wing" to "*And when* on joyful wing," the idea that we shall ascend to heaven on wings is made dogmatic. And you may take them all, and you will find that, small though they appear, they indicate a great deal.

Turning to a Baptist collection, "Psalms and Hymns," London, 1858 and 1882, we find, perhaps, the first bold attempt to completely alter the teaching of the hymn. Stanza 2, line 2, reads: "*Daylight all gone.*" You read on through the full five stanzas of the hymn and find that with this exception it has not been changed. But on looking to the top of the page a sixth stanza is noticed. And this is it:

Christ alone beareth me
Where thou dost shine:
Joint heir he maketh me
Of the Divine!
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearest, my God, to Thee;
Nearest to Thee!

And at the end of this is placed the name of Sarah F. Adams! The good and well-meaning brother that made this noble (?) addition being so humble as to desire no credit for the work, but gave it freely to another, is said to be a Rev. A. T. Russell. It is at least an ingenious piece of work, for without apparently contradicting the original he carries the people who sing it on to think that this ascending "Nearer to God" is entirely through the mediatorial work of Jesus. In Skinner's Daily Service Hymnal, 1864, the attempt to rescue this hymn for true Trinitarian service is bolder but less skillful. After the fifth stanza is added this doxology:

Glory, O God, to Thee;
Glory to Thee,
Almighty Trinity
In Unity;
Glorious Mystery,
Through all Eternity
Glory to Thee!

In 1863, a hymn-book maker by the name of Kenedy thought to overcome the lack of evangelical fitness in this hymn by substituting for Mrs. Adams's last stanza this:

"And when Thy Lord again
Glorious shall come,
Mine be a dwelling-place
In Thy bright home,
There evermore to be
Nearer to Thee, my God,
Nearer to Thee."

And this I believe appears in "Hymns for the Church Catholic," 1882, with line six changed to read, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

This hymn, whether in its original or altered form, appears above the name, Mrs. Adams. But I suppose all these editors, hymn-tinkerers, could and would plead, "Allow it, friendly author, for the wider service which your heart's song thereby secures."

Bishop Bickersteth seems to have been touched with a little finer sense of honor than most hymn-book makers. For while thinking that the hymn should be altered to such an extent that it should unmistakably emphasize the prominent thoughts of orthodoxy he refrained from doing it over the name of the author. But of course could not allow it to pass without an indirect effort to supply what he thought it lacked. So, in his "Hymns," 1876, he adds this note: "The editor shrunk from appending a closing verse of his own to a hymn so generally esteemed complete as this, or he would have suggested the following:

There in my Father's home,
Safe and at rest;
There in my Saviour's love
Perfectly blest:
Age after age to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee."

These are perhaps the best known alterations of a hymn that has endeared itself to nearly the whole of the Christian world. It touches a chord of longing in the human heart. Yea, it is the world's longing, the world's hope and aspiration. A hymn expressing the thought these several tinkerers would force upon it, or into it, would soon lose itself in the rubbish of outworn and outgrown thought. For we are well supported in believing that however much men may invent schemes and plans the ultimate hope and aspiration of the heart is to God as Father and Creator, as ONE GOD. And it is because Mrs. Adams's hymn is the voicing of this deep-seated longing of the soul that it survives all these surgical operations, and is to-day emerging in all its original brightness.

There have been yet other efforts to offset the Unitarianism of this hymn, and that by the setting of another beside it with the hope of gradually supplanting it. The first, if not the only one to do it, is Bishop How, who in 1864 wrote the hymn beginning:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Hear Thou my prayers."

Of this the bishop says, in the folio edition, 1881, of this book: "This hymn is a paraphrase of Mrs. Adams's hymn, expressing more definitely Christian faith and better adapted for congregational worship."

CHARLES GRAVES.

Humboldt, Iowa.

The Sunday School.

The Birth of Life.

The stars of Eden sang soft in the skies;
The brooks and the meadows had dew in their eyes;
The zephyr was silent, the winds were asleep;
The Power eternal was brooding the deep;
The songs of rejoicing smote sweetly the air,
And told of the nurseling that heaven should bear

Son of the Spirit, of Eve, or of earth,
The hosts of heavens rejoiced at his birth;
God is incarnate, of motherhood born,
Sung by the lips of immaculate morn;
His name shall be Life, that hope of the past,
His reign shall endure while ages shall last.

PERRY MARSHALL.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO. REPORTED BY E. H. W.

XXII—MOHAMMEDANISM.

There are several good reasons why we should be interested in Mohammedanism.

1. It is a modern religion, the newest and youngest of all the religious systems. We know exactly when it began and where and by whom it was instituted.

2. It is a simple religion, easy for Sunday-school lesson material, a religion without many myths or ceremonies, at least in its original form.

3. We who have Unitarian predilections ought to like Mohammedanism for the reason that it is tremendously Unitarian, the most monotheistic of all religions. "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." It was a stalwart affirmation of monotheism, and came into being unquestionably as a protest against polytheistic tendencies in and out of Christianity.

4. The foregoing statements will scarcely be questioned. The next will perhaps be challenged, but I will venture to say that Mohammedanism ought to commend itself to us because of its ethical basis. Its emphasis is on grim morality. I do not mean to say that its idea of morality was always correct, but it taught no way of getting to heaven except by behaving one's self. There was not much creed, and the stress was placed on obedience to Allah. It was a peculiarly ethical system, and that we ought to like.

5. It has done a work where no other religion could or would do it. It has taken hold of the least attractive races. A religion that has lasted a thousand years among a half-developed people like the Arabians has done a great thing, and it is a still greater tribute to say it has done anything for the Turk. The Turk is not an attractive being, but I have still not the slightest doubt that his nature has been ameliorated by the religion of Mohammed.

Not much glamour or poetry has been thrown around the life of Mohammed. He was well born, a scion of a noble family with a lost estate. The care of the sacred temple had belonged to them, but had passed out of their hands before the birth of Mohammed.

Mohammed was born in Mecca about 570 A. D. His father's name was Abdallah. Soon after he was born his father died, and he went with his mother to Medina when he was about six years old. At her death he was placed in the care of his

grandfather at Mecca. Two years later his grandfather died, and he was placed under the charge of his uncle, Abu Talib. He became a camel-driver, and hired out to a wealthy widow named Chadija to drive a caravan of camels to Syria. This ended in his marriage to his employer, who was many years his senior. His wealthy marriage gave him leisure and time for reflection. Perhaps we should never have heard of Mohammed had it not been for Chadija. He seems to have been troubled with epileptic fits or trances. Every year during the sacred month of Ramadan he retired to a mountain near Mecca to pray and fast. He dreamed dreams and saw visions. The thought came to him that religion must be a much simpler thing than the idolatrous worship of which Mecca was the center. It was borne in upon him that it was his business to teach the oneness of God. He worked away quietly for several years. His wife, his children, his uncle, and the servants of his household were his first converts. He grew more intense, and his inspiration more emphatic as time went on. When he had preached about twelve years the opposition against him began to grow so warm that he was forced to slip out between two days and withdraw to Medina. This was 622 A. D., the year which became known as the year of the Hegira, from which the Mohammedans reckon all their dates.

He was well received at first in Medina. He became an agitator and leader. He believed so intensely in his own mission that he thought any means justified in carrying out his purpose of making converts, and he consequently resorted to the sword. He attacked Mecca, and it yielded with little resistance. His generosity in dealing with the conquered citizens so overcame the people that they accepted his religion almost without exception. Large numbers of soldiers flocked to his banners and before his death nearly all of Arabia had accepted him as a prophet. He died ten years after the Hegira, with his religious movement well under way.

Mohammed seems to have known something of Christianity and more of Judaism, and to have borrowed freely from both. He taught the use of few ceremonies. Of these but three were essential and they are in use among the Mohammedans to-day. They are the observance of prayer five times each day, an annual fast, and a pilgrimage once in a lifetime to Mecca. Every good Mohammedan hopes and prays for the privilege of making a journey to Mecca, where he enters the temple, takes a bath, dons a clean white garment, and kisses the kaaba stone, the once white stone, according to the legend, which has become black with the sins of the people. He then becomes a howadji, and is ready to die, for he is certain of heaven.

Mohammed has been criticised for this apparent worship of the kaaba stone, but the truth is, that this was the only survival he permitted from a host of idolatrous practices. Again, Christians are in the habit of speaking of his heaven as sensuous, as indeed it was, but so was the Christian heaven of jasper walls, golden streets, and pearly gates. He is accused of sanctioning polygamy, but there again he seems to have been an ameliorating force, and to have limited rather than encouraged it. His own married life with Chadija was an instance of exemplary faithfulness on both sides.

The Study Table.

Red Letter Days.

Sometimes, across the dullness of our lives,
There flashes forth one day quite full of joy.
A day so perfect, and so rounded out
With swift fulfillment of our heart's desires,
That ever after, sweetest memories come
To light the way, once more grown dark with strife.
That such days come to ease life's pressing cares
Is only merciful, for who of us
Could bear the constant strain of adverse fate,
If no such respite were vouchsafed to us.
Only the bravest souls would journey to the end,
The weaker ones would stumble on a while,
And then succumb, quite worn and spent with grief.
Ah! let us cherish these few days that dawn,
Out from the gathering mists of broken lives,
And let the memory of their brightest hours,
Keep our hearts pure, and fresh, and young,
And ever hopeful, that the future years,
Hold for us more of happiness than woe.
So shall our passage through this phase of life,
Bring peace to us, and we may sometimes find
The silver linings to the somber clouds.

CLARA CROCKER RUSSELL.

The Downfall.*

This is an extremely powerful novel; much more powerful, it seems to us, than the author's "Rome" or "Paris," though falling far short of "Lourdes." Like that it has a superabundance of physical horror. Zola has an astonishing predilection for the details of wounds and surgery and decomposition and putrescence and the like. The story is that of the Campaign of Sedan in 1870 and the subsequent siege of Paris by the Prussians and Thiers's government. Napoleon III is treated with much tenderness and sympathy. It is evident that his legend is going to be that of the futile dreamer paralyzed by the necessity for action. In few of Zola's novels are there so many attractive and lovable characters as there are here, both men and women. The best of these is Jean, a corporal; but there are generals, and other officers of high rank that get their meed of praise. The marches and the battles are described with intense vividness, and the blundering wickedness of the whole business is set forth in an appalling manner. The worst passage in "Rome" is paralleled here by the butchery of Goliah, a Prussian spy. The book is very painful reading, enlivened by hardly a gleam of humor. If it could have been read widely in America before the war, it seems as if the war might have been averted. Certain it is that few of those who were wildest for it gave much thought to the horrors which it will pretty certainly involve. We can but hope that they will fall far short of those which Zola has described.

The Century Atlas.†

This is a companion volume to the Century Dictionary and the Century Cyclopædia of Names. It contains 117 double-page maps, 138 inset maps, and 40 historical maps, some of them elaborate, others not much detailed. There are also excellent astronomical maps of the Northern and Southern heavens. These and the historical maps have an index by

*THE DOWNFALL (La Débâcle) (The Smash-up).—By Émile Zola. Translated by E. P. Robins. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1898.

†THE CENTURY ATLAS. Edited by Benjamin E. Smith, M. A., managing editor of the Century Dictionary and editor of the Century Cyclopædia of Names. The Century Company, New York, 1898.

themselves, and with the other indexes, one of the United States and one general, embrace about 200,000 entries. The shape of the Atlas—that of the Century Dictionary—has its disadvantage, but the advantages preponderate. It is much easier to handle than the larger Atlases. The disadvantage is that the larger countries are exhibited in two or more different maps. But this is merely an incident of the liberal scale on which the maps are drawn. Moreover, in many cases there is, together with the sectional maps, a map of the country in its integrity. All of the maps are distinctly "up-to-date," being based upon the latest surveys and explorations. There is no survival of political boundaries that are no longer actual nor of mythical mountain elevations and sea-soundings. One of the most remarkable maps is that of the Arctic regions, but the most astonishing is that of Africa, so much thicker are the names upon it, even in the central part, than in the northern part of Maine. Indeed, few of the maps are thicker strewn with names than is that of Central Africa. If one were disposed to be captious, he might sometimes complain of the embarrassment of riches, the maps are so crowded with details of topography; railway, steamship, and telegraph lines; population, battle-fields, etc. But every possible device has been resorted to to prevent confusion. Thus, railroad lines are delicately traced in red and do not obscure anything else. Legibility for the names of places has been successfully attained, but a hand magnifying-glass would be a useful accessory for those whose sight is getting dim. Recent times have been good times for testing an Atlas, and so far this has not failed in any particular relating to the places which the war has made significant. The cost is $17 for the edition corresponding to the $15 volumes of the Century Dictionary. This is bound in heavy sheep, with an appropriate design from the architectural firm of McKim, Mead & White. The cloth edition in the same design is sold for $12, and there are $15 editions in Russia leather and morocco. It should be said that nothing in its way could exceed the delicacy and beauty with which the maps are drawn and printed and colored, commending the book to the severest taste, as well as to the most exigent demand for information.

The Apostles.*

The recent death of Doctor Allen gives a pathetic interest to this volume, and the preface, in which he discloses the methods of his work, reads somewhat like an intimation of the approaching end. There is a touch of honorable pride in the phrase "done in my seventy-eighth year," but it may well be questioned whether the task was not too much for his strength and contributory to his death. The conjunction of Doctor Allen and Renan in the making of a book is a very interesting phenomenon, so different was the mental habit of the New England scholar from that of the Frenchman. But the circumstance is typical of Doctor Allen's catholicity and of his admiration for genius and ability however shown.

To say nothing of Doctor Allen's work upon Renan's "History of Israel," as published by Roberts Brothers, which was very important and made the volumes which had his supervision much more satisfactory than the earlier ones, the present volume is one of three on "Christian Origins," but not produced in its due order. After translating the "Life of Jesus," Doctor Allen translated the "Antichrist." "The Apostles" stands in the series next to the "Life of Jesus," and next comes the "St. Paul;" but Doctor Allen was meaning to translate next the "Marcus Aurelius." It goes without saying that those who can read Renan easily in his own language have no concern with Doctor Allen's translation, except as they must wish to have a writer of Renan's force and charm as little marred as possible in translation. More marred he could hardly have been than in the American translation which heretofore has been in common use among us. As compared with that, Doctor Allen's translation, both for accuracy and felicity, is quite another book.

No part of Renan's work in this volume is more interesting than his introduction, "A Critical Review of the Original Documents." The estimate is a more conservative one than generally obtains among the critics of to-day, even where they are subject to the stress of Harnack's recent investigations. There is the same estimate of the Fourth Gospel that vitiates the "Life of Jesus," and the process by which the Acts of the Apostles is at once lost and saved is more ingenious than satisfactory. It is hard to understand how the whole book of Acts can be ascribed to the author of the "we" passages, those so intimate, and the rest so unhistorical. Certainly, the moral character of Luke suffers by such a conclusion more than his work gains in authority.

The chapter on the resurrection of Jesus has met with little favor from conservative critics, but where everything is uncertain, it offers a plausible hypothesis. The sentimental form in which the argument is couched does not help it for the most of us. The argument is of a piece with Renan's general persuasion that thoughts and feelings are more potent facts than mere events. Every one of the eighteen chapters that follow has its special interest, and is remarkable for that divination with which Renan ekes out the paucity of his material. Real or not, he makes the situation very real to us. But the longest chapter in the book, ch. xvii, is also the best. Its subject is "The General Condition of the World" in 45 A. D. and thereabout. Here Renan shows himself as effective in broad generalization as elsewhere in particular narration.

The concluding chapter is an attempt to anticipate "the future of missions" in the light of their past history. In this chapter there are prophetic words: "Let us suppose a humanity ten times mightier than ours; it would be infinitely more religious. * * * The effect of progress, therefore, will be the expansion of religion, not its destruction or decay." The religion of the future will not be that of the churches of to-day, however, unless Renan is much mistaken. Quite as little we imagine, and we hope, will it be that of Renan's imagination—"detached from all material cares * * * passing from ecstasy to ecstasy." Let us dare believe that God has "provided some better thing for us" than that.

J. W. C.

*The Apostles, Including the Period from the Death of Jesus Until the Greater Mission of St. Paul.—By Ernest Renan. Translated and edited by Joseph Henry Allen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1898.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Like the waters of the sea, life freshens only when it ascends to heaven.
MON.—Every power of heaven and earth is friendly to a noble and courageous activity.
TUES.—It is the part of wisdom not to sneer at or condemn the things we do not understand.
WED.—Every Why holds a Because. That answers are long in coming does not prove there are no answers.
THURS.—Life is motion and action. Not to do is death.
FRI.—To know the right, yet to dally with the wrong, is the philosophy of death.
SAT.—Live each day a willing server, with mind ever able to look steadfastly through nature up to nature's God.

—*Eleanor Kirk.*

The Beginnings of a Career.

Some years back, perhaps thirty or more, a little lad was loitering along the street of an interior city. As he passed the shop of the local photographer, a man came out and spoke to him. "Do you want a job?" he asked. The boy said promptly, "Yes, sir!"

"If you get it, will you attend to it?" the man asked.

Again the answer was, "Yes, sir!"

"It is not a lively one. You have to sit still and watch things," the man said. "Do you think you can keep awake?"

"I can try, sir!" the boy said; so, after a little more talk, he got the job.

It was not a lively one. He had to sit upon a housetop and watch a lot of photographic negatives, to make certain that they got just enough light and none too much. He did the work well. The photographer never caught him napping, no matter how suddenly he came upon him. In a little while he showed that he was as intelligent as he was trusty. Then the photographer noticed that the lad's clothes, though worn, were always clean and decently mended. A little inquiry proved that the new boy was a widow's son—a widow who had very little besides her children and her trust in the Lord. The little her son earned was a very material help to her. She was eager to have him in school. All told, he had been there less than two months; but she could not send him; he had neither the time nor the clothes for it.

Sitting aloft day after day, the lad fell to studying the heavens. Chance had thrown into his hands a volume of Dr. Thomas Dick's "Practical Astronomy." At first he found it dry reading, but in a little while the study of it had redoubled his interest in his ever-beloved sky. He longed above everything for a telescope, which would enable him the better to search out its glories, its mysteries. By help of his kind employer, he at length rigged up an apology for one—something whose limited powers only served to whet his appetite for real telescopic revelations.

He began to go to Sunday-school. His teacher there grew interested in him and his ambition. Through her aid and counsel, joined to that of other friends, he went seriously to work to secure the coveted instrument. A second-hand one was offered to him for two hundred dollars. He sent for it, but found it so unsatisfactory that he returned it. Expressage both ways cost him twenty dollars he could very ill spare. However, he got the money's worth in experience—experience which determined him to be satisfied with nothing less than a telescope of the very first class.

To get money for such a one he worked and saved. A shabby coat had no terrors for him if the shabbiness meant something toward the desire of his heart. Yet he was only frugal, never niggardly, and always generous to a friend. Pretty soon he was able to buy a telescope of the very best pattern. It had a five-inch refractor. When it was duly in position upon the roof, where he had spent so many working hours, he was about the happiest young fellow in the world.

His friends were almost as happy—particularly that first friend who had given him the aerial job. The roof became a favorite resort for everybody in the city who had the least hankering after a sight of the stars. The young owner of the telescope was glad to let them look. As for himself, he nightly scoured the heavens, noting and recording by means of drawings the many wonderful things he saw there.

Beside a good telescope he had phenomenally keen sight. That is evidenced by the fact that with this five-inch refractor, an instrument below the first power, he discovered and described a dozen comets. Providence perhaps had put it into the mind of a rich man to offer prizes for just such discoveries. They were not very big prizes, but altogether this self-taught astronomer won enough of them to give him a welcome thousand dollars.

He had, however, rebuffs as well as helps from the big outside world. The American Association for the Advancement of Science met in his native city not long after he had begun his study of the heavens. He was presented to its President, Simon Newcomb, and began modestly to speak of what he had done and hoped to do. "Humph! You had better put away that telescope! It is too big, anyway. You can do nothing with it; you had better study mathematics than waste your time star-gazing," said the great man. The beginner left him half heart-broken. But after the first smart he resolved that he would study mathematics, and he did.

Fifteen years later, Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing to Prof. Edward Emerson Barnard, upon whom Vanderbilt University had conferred the degree of Doctor of Science, and whom the Royal Astronomical Society of London has been proud to make a Fellow, asked if Professor Barnard "knew anything of a young fellow with a telescope, who had lived in Nashville when the Association for the Advancement of Science met there?" and added after some further inquiry, "It cannot be possible that you are the one I mean."

It was not only possible but actual. Professor Barnard, to-day the foremost of American Astronomers, who had mastered not merely mathematics, but the whole college curriculum, who has discovered more comets than any other living man, and who has mapped and measured the fifth satellite of Jupiter, is the lad who made his beginnings by faithfulness over few things, upon the roof of a Nashville photograph gallery.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

The Minister's Sabbath Night.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him, and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,
And underneath the everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed,
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
O speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove!
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—
"Our Comforter." As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain,
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

RACINE.—We have always called attention in this paper to the interesting work undertaken here by our friend, Rev. A. C. Grier, in the way of fighting evil on its own grounds, contending with the saloon with its own weapons. The following from a local paper reports progress in an interesting way:

Last week Orchestrion Hall was one month old. Superintendent Duttera has given out a report of the work for that period. It shows that on the average fifty-four persons have used the reading and game rooms each day and that forty-two meals and ten lunches have been served daily; eighty-nine persons have worked for meals or lodging and forty-four persons have been assisted to employment. There is much helpful work done each day that cannot be so tabulated.

Because Orchestrion Hall was generous enough to take hold of the tramp problem and rid the city of tramps, it has had to struggle against the idea that the institution was for that class of persons. But now that that problem is practically solved the hall can go forward with its legitimate work of furnishing a pleasant and profitable place to spend the evening. And it is one of the encouraging signs that more and more young men are finding this a clean and pleasant place to put in their leisure hours. There are not a lot of rules and restrictions and all can feel perfectly at home. A large number of men come from the shops for their dinners and seem to appreciate the opportunity. The first month's work surely must be pleasing to the large circle of friends of Orchestrion Hall.

CHICAGO.—An important meeting of the Novel Section of the All Souls Church study classes was largely attended at the church last Sunday afternoon, to consider a proposition that came from the literary section of the Oakland Club in the neighborhood, to the effect that for the next year the Novel Section join issues with the literary section of the Oakland Club, holding the sessions in the parlor of that club under the leadership of Mr. Jones, carrying out the program as already in course of preparation, which program will concern itself with the study of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." This is a practical application of a principle dear to the Novel Section and its leader, proving that culture has no church lines. An additional membership of at least forty from the Oakland Club is assured, which, together with the always large constituency of the Unity Club, will make an important class for Mr. Jones to lead under circumstances that will demonstrate more emphatically than ever before that such activities, though harbored by a church, can be conducted in such a way as to appeal to the high-thinking elements of a community. This club will find no denominationalism or sectarianism in Victor Hugo, and he must go far afield who will find in such studies justification for the sectional lines that so often cruelly dissect even the common interests of those who stand for and seek culture.

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Summer's known,
But by her deepening shadows, fern-flecked stone,
And boughs that kiss the pathway,
Grass o'ergrown.

Not in gay laughter only
Joy is heard,
But in the brooding quiet of a bird,
Listing her mate's near music,
Pleasure-stirred.

Not by a promise only
Lover's plight,
But in low whispers fainter than the flight
Of air-fed midges over
Pools of light.

—*C. M. Gemmer.*

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